"Worst thing in the world for weak

eyes, young woman."

The young woman looked up from the magazine in her lap and smiled at her gray bearded mentor on the opposite side of the street car. She smiled with her whole face—dimpled chin, red cheeks, full lips; even the eyes behind the con-

full lips; even the eyes behind the convex glasses of her pince nez twinkled.

"Thank you," she said, shutting the book softly, "I know it. I was merely glancing at the pictures."

Then she turned her amused glance toward the 'ront part of the car, and met 'the eyes of the driver staring straight at her. His face lighted up when her glance met his, and with his rough glove he patted the left side of his coat, as though it shielded something which concerned her.

The car was one of those little wheeled boxes locally known as the "Pound Gap Bob-tails," which ply between Cincinnati, O., and its Kentucky suburb, Newport. The driver, sole autocrat, dividing his the among the mules, his passengers and time among the mules, his passengers and the small boys who everywhere mark bobtall cars for their own, was muffled to the mouth in an old oilskin coat, belted at the waist with a leather strap. His cap was pulled down to shield his face from the forced to drive, and when he entered the car to collect the fares his heavy cowhide boots completed a grotesque picture, which would have attracted attention even in Castle Garden. Evidently he cared less for style than for comfort.

"What is the fare to Newport?"
"Ten cents, please."
I started at the musical voice, and looked at the man closely.
"Wh-a-t?" I said, "not Ferguson, of
The Gazette?"
"George party deer boy same party."

'Same party, dear boy, same party.' He laughed in the honest, whole souled way that I knew so well, rang the bell of his punch twice, smiled at the pretty girl, who seemed to enjoy my surprise, and then clattered out to his place at the

brake, where I presently joined him.
"This is rough, Ferguson, deuced rough—\$12 a week and seventeen hours a day! Can't you do better than this?" "Classical occupation, dear boy. One of the children of Greek mythology, you will remember, aspired to drive a car—his father's car, but while his route was a trifle dryer than mine"-"It was not necessary for him to make

a guy of himself in cowhide boots. That girl inside is laughing at you."

"I know it. She always does when she rides with me."

rides with me."

He looked through the glass door of the car, and again patted the side of his coat when he met the young woman's eye. The gesture seemed to please her.

"Another case of the maiden and the coachman," remarked Ferguson as he slowed up to take on a passenger. Evidently he had lost uone of his high spirits thee he had drifted out of invarials minto since he had drifted out of journalism into street car service. "But seriously now, don't you know her?"

"No, I cannot say that I do," I said, severely. "That's Virginia."

I looked again at the girl. She was as charming a specimen of young womanhood as is often met with even in the culnood as is often into with even in the cal-tured parts of Kentucky. The infantile cheeks and dimpled chin toned down the severity of her eyeglasses, and from the brown plume in her hat to the narrow toe

brown plume in her hat to the narrow toe of her shoe she was what is popularly known as "stylish." Du Maurier might have copied her pose for that of one of his high-bred women.

"Yes, sir, that's Virginia. You have laughed at my verses to her for three years, and if we drop all the passengers before the end of the route is reached I will take you inside and present you. She knows you by name already. I have talked with her about you a hundred times. She likes that little story of dred times. She likes that little story of

yours, 'The Cruise of the Mermaid,' immensely, and always looks up your column the first thing in The Clarion."

Then he seemed to drift into another line of thought.

"Yes, sir, it is rough," he said; "eight-teen hours a day, seven days in the week, is too many hours for a man to work; but, thank God, I am done! This is my last trip. I have something here"—he tapped the left side of his oilskin coat again—"which has put me on my feet. Virginia and I had several blocks, alone, together, this morning, and she knows That's what we are so gay about. You remember that 'Diamond Dollar!' "

Did I remember it? It was that "Dia-mond Dollar" that cost Ferguson his desk on The Gazette. Not more than two months ago he was as dapper, well dressed and apparently as successful a man as there was in the Cincinnati reportorial fraternity. His duty was the covertorial fraternity. His duty was the covering of the news along the river fronts of the Kentucky towns facing and above Cincinnati, and, being a graceful writer, he managed to get in a column or two of breezy special matter on miscellaneous subjects each week, every column of such matter being a clean addition of \$5 to his not princely salary.

It was 9 o'clock one Thursday night

when word came over the telephone wires from the fire chieftain's office that the towboat Greyhound was burning at her landing, three miles above Newport. In fifteen minutes came the supplementary report that her entire tow of seven barges was doomed, and that John Stacey and "Stumpy," the cook, were missing-pre-sumably burned with the wreck.

"Ferguson can have two columns for that," complacently remarked the city editor. "Here, Newport, get a rig: jump

editor. "Here, Newport, get a rig: jump out there; find Ferguson and help him. Get in as much as possible before 12, and, if it promises good matter after that, wire the facts. We will dress them up." At 12:30 o'clock I was again at the office with the skeleton article. The fire had taken place early in the afternoon. Three lives and \$65,000 worth of property than the fact of the property than the property than the property than the property the property than the were lost. I had seen nothing of Fergu-

But while I was making a hasty oral report to this effect Ferguson strolled into the office. He was at peace with himself and the world, and his stiff, white collar lifted itself immaculately above his black

tie and unruffled shirt front.

"Nothing moving," he said, airily, as he placed the day's report on the editor's desk. "Everything dead along the river to-day."

"Not tighte you flyack!" acked the city.

"No fights nor fires?" asked the city editor in his blandest tones. "Nothing; but here is a little special that will look well in the Sanday supplement. I have been up at the library looking up points for it all afternoon. With a scare head—first line, 'The Diamond Dollar!'—it will prove as good matter as actual news, and ""
"There is no actual news, then?"

"Nothing of importance."

By this time the telegraph man, the managing editor, half of the local force, and even one or two of the brevier writers, had drifted into the city room, where they floated about aimlessly, waiting for the explosion that was to lift the unfortunate Ferguson But, suspecting nothing, he

continued his panegyric on the diamond

dollar.
"Unless you call this piece of special matter news, there is none. But it will be news to most of the readers. It deals with the subject of rare coins, giving the date and the value of all United States coins worth more than their face value. There are hundreds of pieces in daily circulation for which collectors would give twenty times their value as bullion. This article will serve to tell the people what dates of coins are in demand, so that they may watch the money that passes through their hands and sell the rare coins at a premium. There is one dollar, of the mintage of 1804, which is worth \$500.

For the past few seconds the city editor

had been rapidly writing upon a slip of paper, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.
"You know the rule of the office, Mr.

Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and, breezy writer that he was, in three months he had found it necessary to take up the lines of a street car driver' life or starve.

"You remember that diamond dollar?" he said again, after answering the sharp clang of the bell above his head by bringing the car to a stop long enough for the gray-bearded talker to alight; curiously enough, I have found one of them. I should never have known its value had I not collected the data for that unfortunate article of mine; and-"
"Do you mean me to understand that

you have found a dollar of 1804, actually

worth \$500?"

"Precisely so, dear boy. Drivers handle a great deal of silver, and among the money in my pocket last night I found

He had unbuckled his belt, unbuttoned his cont, and with some difficulty brought out in his gloved fingers a worn silver dollar, without the milled edges which characterize the late issues of the coin. He was singularly excited. He looked at the piece of silver as a doomed man might look at an unexpected reprieve. It means another start in life, a chance to build up wealth and reputation on a journal of his own; it meant a wife; it gave him Virginia. His hand trembled slightly with the turnult of his thoughts. One of the car's front wheels struck a stone, jumped the track, and for a few seconds the vehicle jolted violently over the cobble-

Ferguson's face suddenly turned to the color of ashes. He leaped over the dashbord surrounding the platform, groped in the mud under the car wheels, and then, with his lips set tightly together, handed me a battered and bent piece of

It was the diamond dollar. It had slipped from his uncertain grasp, and the sharp flanges of the car wheels had ground the date and figures from its face and bent it almost out of resemblance

of a coin. Then Ferguson took up the lines again, and from his present prospects the people who ride behind him will continue to laugh at his odd dress and associate him in their minds with the mules he drives for months or perhaps years to

He knows that there are half a dozen morals to be extracted from this little story, and has given me permission to publish it.—Henry Newport, in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Men Who Fleece the Tallors.

The merchant tailors of New York keep a large book containing the names of 2,000 fashionably dressed men who seldom or never pay their tailor bills. These two regiments of the fashionably dressed are divided into three classes: "The Slow Pay Class," "The Undesirable Class," and "The Worthless Class." Each merchant tailor has a ledger containing a copy of this list and frequently consults it. In each The merchant tailors of New York keep list and frequently consults it. In each fashionable tailor shop from 5 to 150 persons get clothes for nothing in the course of a single year. The names of these peo-ple would make a large 'elite directory. The Merchant Tailors' association, it is said, proposes to advertise for sale in daily newspapers the tailor bills of this brigade of fashionable but non-paying customers. "Most of the men who fleece customers. "Most of the men who fleece the tailors," said a New York merchant tailor, recently, "are idle and fashionable young men who are sons of rich fathers, and manage to spend \$10,000 a year out of an annual allowance of \$2,000 or \$3,000. They have no property of their own, nothing we could levy on, except collar boxes and bootjacks."—New York Cor. Argo-

Russian Languages on the Typewriters.

The Russian is the most difficult of the languages now represented on the typewriters. There are thirty-eight letters, but the punctuation, accents and other characters necessary bring the number on characters necessary bring the number on the keyboard up to ninety. Next to that is the Bohemian, which is a crooked thing, because one must frequently strike two keys to produce a character. There are thirty primary characters, and eighty-six required in all. The American key-board has twenty-six primary characters and seventy-six in all.—San Francisco

Oue Way to Startle Society.

A charming woman, who has decided it is best she should live apart from her apparently unappreciative husband, startled society a short time ago by inviting a number of her former fashionable friends to call at her house on a certain day to or all at her house of a certain day to purchase her little-used finery. They called of course, and silks, laces and jewels were sold "below the cost of importation."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

Thinks They are a Bad Set.

Dr. Marshall, the evangelist, an Ohio man, ex-soldier and ex-dentist, who is now laboring for the evangelization of Denver, says he regards the Pacific coast as the worst part of the country, and that in that section an exceedingly rare thing to find is a native young man who is a Christian.—Inter-Ocean.

A Cemetery Called "Boot Hill."

The first cemetery located at Newton, Kan., is known throughout that locality as "Boot Hill," on account of the large number of persons who were buried there with their boots on in the wild and early days.—Chicago Herald.

Israelites in the United States.

The Hebrews, who form such a public-spirited and wealthy class in every city, number less than 250,000 to the United States. Most people in making a guess would say a million or two.

In the Freshman class at Yale college there are thirty negro studen 3.

THE LIME KILN CLUB.

Some Changes in the Labels of the Fa-

mous Archæological Collection. When the lights had been turned up strong, and Elder Toots had coughed a peanut shuck out of his throat, Brother Gardner arcse and said:

"I find heah on my desk a heap of mottoes, watchwords and maxims which hev bin gathered together by de committee on judiciary wid a view of replacin' de stock now hangin' on de walls. I has bin keerfully considerin' de matter in my mind fur a week De pusson who can't stick to one motto fur mo' dan six months can't be depended on to stick by a job fur mo' dan one. "If I was out o' cash, friendless, laid up in

a garret wid a sore heel an' a carbuncle, an' spectin' ebery day to be toted off to de poo house, I donn' know but I might furnish de world wid some watchwords an' sayin's, but it would hev to be under some sich sarcum-stances. About a month ago I began tradin' wid a butcher who had hung up in his shop de motto, 'Live and Let Live.' It struck mo dat de ideah was a good one. He wanted his dues, an' he would grant de same to odders. In about a week he slipped a plugged quar-ter into my change; two days later my two pounds of beef was short three ounces; de nex' week he charged me up wid forty-eight cents' worf of pork which I nebber had. I

donn' trade dere any mo', an' my respeck fur his motto has dropped fifteen pegs.

"If dar' am any members of dis club who can't keep to work widout some motto 'bout industry behind' em, who can't pay deir honest debts widout some motto 'bout honesty above 'em, who can't be good husbands and fathers widout some scriptural quotashun pasted in deir hats, such pussons had better



THE MUSEUM.

The quarterly report of the keeper of the museum was then submitted and accepted. From it is extracted the following matters of

The museum now contains relics of historical value as given below:

In addition to the above, which range all the way from quarters to broadswords the museum has a fair display of carboities from foreign lands and remembrances of great events. The keeper reported that two of the three skulls which had formally been that a state of the three skulls which had formally been that the state of the st of the three skulls which had formally been labeled "Skull of Capt. Kidd" had lately been relabeled—one for Marc Antony, and the other for Nero. While this move did not detract at all from the reputation of Capt. Kidd, it added increased value to the collection. tion. In these hard times one skull per man should be the limit.

The committee on the interior, through the chairman, Judge Chewso, then reported back the case of Professor Ashfoot Smith, an honorary member residing in Milwau-kee. He had been charged with being an Anarchist, and an investigation had resulted in the discovery that he believed in and contended for:

"No taxation."

"Found division of all property." "Neither laws nor prisons

The committee were unanimous in recom mending that his name be stricken from the

rolls.
"Which the same will be did to once, said the president, "an' it may be sot down as de sentiments of dis club dat de gov'. ment should take sich ackshun as will pre-vent conspirators, Nihilists and criminals from Yurup findin' a safe asylum in de United States."—Detroit Free Press.

Unfinished Business.

A congressman's daughter had been receiving a young man's attentions, until the father thought it was time he was knowing something about it. "Celestine," he said last night, when the young man was an-nounced, "isn't it about time some definite conclusion was being arrived at in this matter?" "Quite time, papa," she replied, in a matter-of-fact way. "Well, daughter, is there any prospect of a conclusion?" "I can't say, really, papa. You see, he is on the calendar as unfinished business, and"— "Enough, daughter, enough," he interrupted, putting up his hands, and the girl went down stairs to complete the quorum.— Washington Critic.

Storyettes. All the world has heard of Bill Travers,

the Hood of Wall street. He statters ter-ribly, but the stammer embellishes rather than detracts from his stories. It was Travers who silently surveyed the Siamesa Twins for a quarter of an hour and then said: "B-b-b-brothers, I p-p-p-presume?"

A story is told that a clergyman of the Church of England, on accepting a country benefice, urged a friend to make him a visit as soon as he got settled, remarking, in perfect good faith: "I have a nice little green field attached to the rectory. I mean to keep a couple of sheep, and we shall have mutton kidneys fresh every morning for breakfast."-Argonaut.

The Latest Thing in Cigars.

It occurred last week, and is a slight variation from the "telephone" relic: "Isn't that an interstate cigar you're smoking?" he asked.

interstate cigar! What's that?" queried the stranger.
"Why, one that you can smoke in Maine

and make the people in Texas hold their noses."—Washington Hatchet. One Was Quite Enough.

"No," said the henpecked husband, as he scratched his bald head, "I am not a believer in Mormonism, not by a long chalk.

"Why not?" asked the Mormon sympa-thizer with whom he was cenversing. "Because," replied the hanpecked man, "I don't believe in having two wives. 'No man can serve two masters.'"—Boston Courier. 1836|||SWIFT'S SPECIFIC.|||1886

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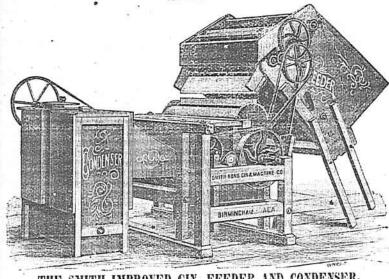
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Yours truly, Jan-8 CHARLES P. BRUNSON.

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IRVIN H. ZIMMERMAN, Qualified Eccutor of Estate of Thomas H. Zimmerman, deceased.

July 8-3t